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## THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

FROM very early times, decorations of one kind or other have been bestowed by most nations on those who have rendered their country some distinguished service; but to trace the origin of these marks of royal favour is no easy task, unless we assume that such a custom was in vogue so far back as the time of Pharaoh, who, as we are told, 'took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck.' This mark of royal approval, it is true, made Joseph no member of a companionship such as the subject of this article indicates. The passage, nevertheless, is interesting, as showing the existence, even at that early period, of a custom not dissimilar to that of the present day.

Perhaps in no other country, in this nineteenth century, are orders of distinction bestowed with greater liberality than in France. In this country, however, such rewards are distributed more sparingly; and it may be truly said that, as a consequence, they are highly appreciated by those fortunate enough to possess them. Of the limited list of the Orders that now exist—and they amount only to ten in number—the most highly prized and the most ancient is 'The most noble Order of the Garter.'

Before proceeding farther, it will be well to endeavour to account for the introduction of these Orders, or Companionships, as they are termed, and to do so we shall have to go back to the end of the eighth century. Then it was that chivalry in all its splendour existed, and Europe was overrun by wandering adventurers, only too eager for any hazardous enterprise likely to bring riches and fame. When any perilous enterprise was undertaken by these adventurers, they would often combine together, under the common designation of Companions or Fraternities of Arms. Eventually, we are told, these armed fraternities became so powerful in their influence as to necessitate the establishment of

fellowships on a more extended scale; and, in imitation of the monastic societies, there was instituted a system of military Orders. The system having fallen into abeyance, it was not until the reign of Edward III. that its revival took place. Being engaged in hostilities with France, history records that Edward expected to derive considerable benefits by gathering around his standard and attaching to his person the élite of the European knighthood; and this, it is supposed, is the origin of an Order that has now been in existence for more than five centuries, and which is looked upon as the proudest decoration of the most illustrious of our nobility.

Much has been written by way of dispute as to the precise date of its institution, as well as to the circumstances which led to its adoption. Some authorities aver that 1346 was the year of its introduction; others place the date three years later. None seem absolutely certain on the point; but most agree in the later date. The circumstances connected with the foundation of the Order are known, perhaps, to every schoolboy; but as the romantic account has been variously told by different writers, it may be of interest to repeat that given by the greatest authority on the Orders of knighthood, Sir H. Nicolas. He relates that, during a festival at court, a lady happened to drop her garter, which was taken up by King Edward III., who, observing a significant smile among the bystanders, exclaimed: '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*' (Dishonoured be he who thinks ill of it). Many writers have scouted the idea of such an episode having any truth attached to it; it may be well, therefore, to quote the reasons given by the authority referred to for accepting the incident as one worthy of belief. In commenting upon the story, Sir H. Nicolas states 'that in the spirit of gallantry which belonged no less to the age than to his own disposition, and conformably with the custom of wearing a lady's favour, and perhaps to prevent any further impertinence, the king is said to have placed the garter around his own knee.' He adds, and with reason, 'that

an anecdote so much in accordance with the manners and feelings of the times is very likely to have occurred.' Hot dispute has reigned, too, as to the name of the lady who forms one of the principal characters in the incident: some writers name the Queen, others the Countess of Kent; but the one most generally associated with the story is the Countess of Salisbury.

It is not generally supposed that the circumstance related was the primary cause of the institution of the Order, but that Edward had previously determined to form a knightly band in imitation somewhat of the knights of the Round Table of King Arthur; and that, not having decided upon an ensign by way of distinction, he was glad to embrace the opportunity of adopting one arising from the above incident.

The Order is frequently referred to as the 'Order of St George,' which is to be explained by the fact that, in accordance with the practice of nearly every other country professing the Christian religion, the fraternity at its foundation was placed by Edward III. under the special protection of a saint—namely, St George—who for ages had been considered the guardian and protector of England; hence St George has always formed part of the title of the Order, the chapel at Windsor having been especially appropriated to its service. There each knight has his stall, above which are placed his banner, sword, helmet, and crest.

At its foundation, the habiliments of the Order consisted simply of the garter, surcoat, mantle, and hood; to which have been added the collar and George in the reign of Henry VII.; the star in the reign of Charles I.; and the under habit in that of his son.

Before passing on, a few details in reference to the several habiliments may be interesting. The garter is of dark blue, edged with gold, and bears in gold letters the familiar motto, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.' The buckle is of gold, and is richly chased. This emblem is worn on the left leg. It is permissible for a knight of the Order to enrich the garter with precious stones, if he so pleases. That worn by Charles I. at his execution was, it is stated, inwoven with as many as four hundred diamonds—a luxury indulged in, though to a less extravagant extent, by several companions of the Order of the present day. The mantle is of purple velvet; while the hood and surcoat are of similar material, but of crimson colour. Formerly, these vestures were covered, or 'powdered,' as it was termed, with garters containing the motto. The collar consists of twenty-six gold pieces, each in the form of a garter, and from the centre piece hangs what is familiarly known as the 'George,' which is a figure in gold of St George on horseback encountering the dragon. Since the year 1519, however, it has been the custom on state occasions to dispense with the wearing of this figure, which is somewhat heavy and large in

size, and to wear in its place what is styled the 'lesser George,' an ornament of smaller size and weight. The star is of silver, of simple design, and consists of eight points.

It is not of course necessary that a knight of the Order should have all the insignia on his person on state occasions, although it is incumbent upon him to have displayed upon his person some part of the decoration. Formerly, it was the law that a knight should never be without his garter; later on, he was permitted, when on horseback, to wear in its stead a blue lace or thread round his leg; but this practice has long since fallen into disuse.

At the time of the foundation of the Order its knights numbered twenty-five, exclusive of the king. No change occurred until 1786, when the Order was enlarged by the inclusion of seven more knights. A second enlargement took place in 1805, and a third in 1831, by which the lineal descendants of George I. and George II. were included. The Order now numbers fifty knights, not including the sovereign, and has in its ranks most of the royal family, emperors, kings, and foreign princes, besides dukes, earls, and marquises. In the earlier days of the Order, gentlemen of every class were held eligible, under certain conditions, to the Garter, whereas now it is restricted to the most noble in the land. Ladies, too, in former days frequently figure as holders of the Order; but since the reign of Henry VII. no lady, unless she be the reigning Queen, has been considered eligible for the decoration. The question of reviving the old and interesting practice of bestowing the decoration upon ladies, when the garter was worn upon the left arm, is one that has often been discussed, but without result.

It is curious to learn that some twenty-five years ago there was discovered a manuscript which is declared to be in the handwriting of Edward VI., being a draft of some improved rules which it was intended by certain reformers to have substituted for the original rules relating to the Order. The original statute was not, however, materially altered until the reign of Henry VIII., and the manuscript in question is now in Her Majesty's library at Windsor.

Up to the time of the reign of George III., it was the custom to hold an annual feast of great splendour in connection with the Order; but nothing of the kind appears to have taken place since that time; even the Chapters of the Order, which used to be held on all occasions when knights were installed, and which involved some ceremony, are now almost always dispensed with by royal warrant.

There are several important offices belonging to the Order of which mention should be made. Thus, there are the Prelate, the Chancellor, and the Registrar of the Garter; besides which, there are Black Rod, and Garter King of Arms, commonly known as 'Garter,' the last of which is

the most important office of all. Certain fees are payable by those installed, which vary according to the rank of the individual. In cases of installation of a foreign king or prince, however, the fees are paid by the State.

Special interest attaches to the subject of this Order at present from the fact that there are three Garters vacant, the vacancies having been brought about by the deaths of the king of Württemberg, the Duke of Bedford, and Earl Granville. At the time when we write there is much speculation in the high places of the world, as also in political circles both at home and abroad, as to what distinguished men shall be chosen by the Queen as the recipients of this great honour.

Sometimes the Garter is worn in a curious order of succession. For instance, the decorations of this Order with which George IV. was invested on his accession to the throne in 1820, had only been worn by two persons since the reign of Charles II. They had been conferred by that monarch upon the Duke of Somerset, who lived till 1748, when the same decorations were conferred upon George III., and after him upon George IV.

Before concluding the subject, reference should be made to the fact that several instances have occurred in which a knight of the Order has been degraded therefrom. Happily, the last instance dates back as far as 1715, when James, second Duke of Ormond, was degraded, after having been convicted of high-treason, that offence and cowardice being the only crimes for which a knight can be degraded from the Order.

The ceremony observed when a knight is found guilty of such an offence is that, at the next Chapter following his conviction, Garter is commanded to attend certain knights who wait upon the convicted one. 'Garter' then, in solemn manner, receives from him the garter, George, ribbon, &c., and proceeds, with the knights following, to the chapel at Windsor, and takes down from his stall the 'achievements,' which, according to the words of the statute, are 'spurned out of the choir into the body of the church, out of the west door over into the ditch.'

The most notable instances, previous to the year 1715, in which this disagreeable but curious ceremony has taken place, are those of Sir Gaillard Duras in 1476, the Duke of Norfolk in 1546, and of Lord Paget in 1552. It is only fair to state, however, that in the case of the two last-named personages they were both subsequently restored to the Order after Mary Tudor came to the throne. In 1569 is recorded the case of the Earl of Northumberland, who was degraded after having been proclaimed traitor. Lord Cobham in 1604 was similarly dealt with, after conviction for high-treason; but as the record states, 'by the king's clemency, his achievements were only spurned out of the church door, and not into the castle ditch.' No other case seems to have occurred until the year 1685, when the Duke of Monmouth was degraded by the king's warrant.

It is not possible, within the limits of a magazine article, to touch upon all the matters that

have relation to this Order; suffice it to say that those inclined to probe the subject more deeply will find it one surrounded with much that is curious and interesting.

## A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.\*

### CHAPTER XI.—'GANG AFT A-GLEY.'

FERRERS came from his hiding-place as soon as their footsteps had died away, and, without quite knowing how he did it, felt his way out of the room, along the corridor to the foot of the chief staircase, and so to his bedroom. He scarcely knew himself in his turmoil of feeling. He felt humiliated more than he could have conceived, choked with resentment and rage against Sir William, and withal disposed to allow that he endured no more than he deserved. His treatment at Dawlish Place had fed his pride and ambition—such pride and such ambition as dwell in every healthy mind—and had deceived him into thinking that after all he might be a person of consequence; now the terms in which Sir William spoke of him showed him what he really was: a common, stupid hireling!—a cat-spaw for the needy and nefarious baronet!

Moreover, the baronet had simply and crudely lied to him, and he had been fool enough to accept his lies as confidence given in honour by one man to another!—fool and blind enough to believe that Dolly, the frank and unsuspecting, was in her uncle's plot to secure the hold of her property from her trustees! But, he thought obstinately—the fighting spirit was rising in him—Sir William Dawlish was not yet rid of him.

What were the assured facts with which he now must deal? First, there *was* a real William Dawlish to whom it was intended that Dolly should be married to save the baronet's family from ruin; second, the marriage could not be compassed openly, because, for certain reasons—reasons of health, apparently—it was feared that Dolly's guardians or trustees would not accept the real William Dawlish as her husband; and third, it was hoped that, in the last event, the marriage would be effected, and the whole mean scheme crowned with victory by an appeal to Dolly's sense of the family honour. Against these things was set the single possibility that Dolly's love for him, though it had been given as to William Dawlish, might have grown to such strength that she could not withdraw it when she knew him to be George Ferrers. To punish and defeat Sir William he was ready to put that possibility to the test.

Yet, on the other hand, his own admiration and love for Dolly were too high and pure and unselfish to permit him to use the advantage which he had acquired by a trick—by a trick, too, not of his own devising. Would he not feel himself a common, mean cur if he went to Dolly, and said in effect: 'You thought me your cousin and a gentleman, a man of your own rank and station, and you gave me the love which you would never have thought of bestowing on a common penniless soldier, however handsome and honest he might be; but I have won that love, and I claim it?'

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No, no; he could not say that. He did not believe that Dolly would have loved him if she had only known him as George Ferrers—he had not so great a conceit of himself; and, that being so, he would not take advantage of his own deceit and of her weakness. Besides, who was he to interfere in the private concerns of the Dawlish family? He had engaged for a sum of money to perform a certain part, and he ought to be content if, when the business was done, he received that sum. How he hated himself for not having put an end to the business when first he suspected its quality.

But he put these thoughts away; whistled softly to himself as he finished undressing; blew his candle out; and got into bed. And soon he slept the sleep of the seasoned soldier. He could not have slept long—though how long or how short a time he could not guess—when he suddenly woke with a rude sense of choking. He put up his hand, and caught a lean and nervous thumb and fingers from his throat! Then he opened his eyes, looked up, and saw by the vague light filtered through his window-blind a figure in white stooping over him. He was at first inclined to suppose himself suffering from nightmare; but the next moment he understood that was impossible, for his hand grasped a substantial wrist. He neither struggled nor cried out; and the creature clawed with its free hand at his hair.

‘Come, stop that!’ said Ferrers.

But the creature continued with frantic energy, tearing at him with the one hand and trying to free the other. Ferrers was a salesman and a wrestler, and with a rapid and adroit movement he had the creature’s arms pinned at its sides, while he held its body as in a vice between his knees.

‘Now,’ said he, ‘tell me who you are and what the deuce you want here!’

But the creature only struggled and panted.

‘Tell me,’ repeated Ferrers, shaking him, ‘or I’ll squeeze the life out of you!’

‘I’m William Dawlish,’ said the creature, ‘and I’ve more right here than you.’

‘Oh,’ said Ferrers, ‘you’re William Dawlish! I must have a look at you.’ The devil-may-care spirit of the old soldier was roused. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘you see you can’t do anything with me. Will you sit quietly in a chair, or must I tie you?’

‘I’ll sit,’ said Mr Dawlish.

‘On your word of honour?’

‘On my word of honour.’

Ferrers then let him go, jumped from bed, and lit the candle by his bedside. He set a chair for his strange visitor, while himself put some clothing on, and sat on the bed. He looked with great curiosity at the person he was supposed to be—at his other self, who drew his night-shirt about him and sat down in the proffered chair. He was about as tall as himself; he was indeed something like what himself might have been, had he started with a feeble constitution and been grown in a poor soil. He had hair like that of Ferrers, but finer and thinner, with a longer nose, a weaker mouth, and a far less generous moustache. But the most notable difference was in the meagreness of the body—Ferrers recalled the phrase of one of the ‘Johnnies’—‘like a monkey up a stick’—which had the shoulders

of a bottle and the chest of a pigeon. There was something, too, of a wild and bloodshot look in the eye, which made Ferrers suspect he was not quite sane. Having thus considered him a moment or two, Ferrers pitied him.

‘Now, Mr Dawlish,’ said he, ‘do you mind telling me why you have visited me in the middle of the night in this polite and—friendly way?’

Mr Dawlish’s only answer for a moment or two was a wild and irrepressible burst of laughter, which sounded half hysterical. He swayed to and fro and laughed; he leaned his face in his hands and laughed; and then he threw himself back in his chair exhausted, with tears of laughter streaming from his eyes. He had no sooner looked at Ferrers’ composed and somewhat wondering face, than his laughter burst forth again.

‘Ah-h! Ha, ha, ha, ha!’

‘Look here!’ said Ferrers sharply. ‘You’ll wake all the house.’ He looked him steadily in the eyes, and that seemed to have a controlling and composing effect upon him.

‘Oh, I say!’ cried Mr Dawlish. ‘You are a caution! “Visit me in a polite and friendly way,” says you!’ And he laughed again. ‘You’re a strong beggar, though. I wish I was as strong as you. I’m not bad for strength, you know, and figure; but I’m not so good as you. Look; my calf’s not half bad. They used to say it was the nicest-shaped leg they knew.’

‘Who used to say that?’ asked Ferrers.

‘Oh, some friends of mine.—I’ve a good biceps, too,’ continued Mr Dawlish, undoing his sleeve and baring his arm.

‘Oh yes,’ said Ferrers; ‘it’s pretty fair.’

‘I say,’ observed Mr Dawlish, as if he had suddenly remembered something of consequence, ‘you’ve just come from town—haven’t you?—with the other people.’ Ferrers nodded. ‘What’s doing at the theatre? What girls are at the Gaiety now? Anything much?’

‘Oh,’ said Ferrers, becoming rather weary of the young man, ‘they’re all right, I believe.’

‘Tootsie’s gone, of course. Did you know Tootsie?’

‘No, I didn’t.—But look here, Mr Dawlish,’ said Ferrers, ‘you didn’t come into my room in the dark and take me by the throat merely to have an agreeable chat?’

‘I say,’ laughed Mr Dawlish again, ‘you are a caution. I like you, you know. I apologise—I do—for being ungentelemanly to you at first; for I know you’re a gentleman. He told me different.’

‘Who told you different?’ asked Ferrers.

‘Oh, never mind who told me. But I thought, you know’—and he glanced round and lowered his voice, as if he feared there might be another within earshot—‘that I had hold of one of those old banker chaps that keep my governor so short that he can’t give me any money. I haven’t had a spree for I don’t know the time!’

‘That’s bad,’ said Ferrers. ‘And are you kept stuck down here all the while?’

‘Oh no. I’ve been staying with Dr Blobbs. I’m better now; but I’ve been awfully seedy. They say I’ve had something wrong with my head, and, you know’—He leaned forward and whispered another sentence in Ferrers’ ear.

‘You don’t say so!’ said Ferrers, looking at



him with half-averted eyes. 'Well, I advise you to get back to bed as quick as you can.'

'Hush!' said he. 'I've given my man the slip. He mustn't know, or there'll be a frightful shindy. I'll get back all right.' He rose and held out his hand.

'I'll see you safe to your room,' said Ferrers. 'You know the way, I suppose?'

'Of course I know the way. What do you take me for?'

They left Ferrers' room, and traversed a long passage, which turned this way and that. They then passed through a door into a long ample room lighted from the roof, which Ferrers recognised as the Picture Gallery.

'All my forefathers and foremothers hanging round here,' said Mr Dawlish.

'Yes,' said Ferrers; 'I know.'

'Sometimes,' said Mr Dawlish, 'I come in and look at them, and cock snooks at them. A lot of auctioneer's rubbish! When I come into them, I'll sell 'em off, like what's-his-name in the play.'

'That would be fun,' said Ferrers.

So they passed on, and out through the little door at the other end, and up a narrow staircase.

'Hush!' said Mr Dawlish, and stole into a low room whose door was ajar, and in which a night-light was burning. 'My man's asleep,' whispered he, and pointed to a narrow truckle-bed in the corner. 'He had a drink with a chum.'

He said 'good-night,' and passed into the room beyond, and Ferrers turned at once to the sleeper in the corner and shook his shoulder. In stooping over the man, his eye caught sight of a slipped foot, a man's foot, peeping from under the bed. He knelt and seized the foot, and with a powerful tug drew out the body to which it was attached, while the sleeping man started up and rubbed his eyes. The man drawn from under the bed started to his feet with an oath, and revealed himself as the black-muzzled Irish-American! Ferrers at once suspected that he was the 'chum' with whom Mr Dawlish's keeper had had a drink, and who probably had urged the young man to prowl into the stranger's bedroom.

'What are you doing here?' demanded Ferrers, in a quick low voice (the whole scene passed in tones little above a whisper).

'Sure,' said the man on the bed, 'he's a friend av moine.'

'And between you,' said Ferrers, 'you have let your patient out. He has been wandering about the house and into guests' rooms.'

'The divlle he has!' exclaimed the man, and jumped from bed. 'Where is he?'

But Mr Dawlish himself had appeared by that time, looking in mortal fear of his Irish keeper. 'Come now, Murphy, hold on!' he cried. 'It was your friend that took me out and showed me into this gentleman's room. He told me he was one of the bankers.'

'What have you got to say to that?' asked Ferrers, turning again to the scowling Irish-American.

'Nothing,' said the man; 'and it'll be the worse for you if you say anything.'

'What is that?' said Ferrers, taking him by the ear.

'Come,' said the man, trying to strike down his hand; 'none of your games with me. I know all about you, and there's more will know about you before I've done. So take care.'

That he should hold high debate with himself about making all the truth known, and that at the same time this mean, spying cur should with a word or two be able to betray him, enraged Ferrers.

'Very well, my friend,' said he, pulling the man's ear—while Mr Dawlish stood aloof, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed, 'Here's a spree!'—'you know me. I've punished you for rudeness before, and I'll punish you for impertinence whenever I know of it. If ever I hear you speak of me, or hear that you have spoken of me, to any one, I'll find you out and give you such a thrashing and such a ducking as you never had before. You understand?'

He gave the ear he held an admonitory pinch, which provoked the man to strike out with hands and feet. Upon that, with little ado he took the man by the hands and feet, gathering them in one great grasp as if he had been a bound sheep, shook him, and said, 'Be quiet!' Then, seeing the door of a clothes-closet stand open, he flung him in, turned the key, and put it in his pocket, while the artless Mr Dawlish exclaimed, 'By gum! Ain't you a strong beggar!'

'Don't lave him there, sorr, if you please!' said the attendant Murphy. 'He deserves it all; but it ud ruin me wid Sir William if he knowed he'd been here!'

'All right,' said Ferrers, handing him the key, and thinking that after all none of these things mattered very much now; 'let him out by-and-by, and tell Sir William what you like.'

'I'll tell Sir William nothing, sorr, wid your lave,' said Murphy, while Mr Dawlish ejaculated, 'What a lark!'

So Ferrers returned down the little twisting staircase into the Picture Gallery, in passing through which there broke on his ear from the room he had left 'a horrid idiotic laugh,' and he understood the cause of Dolly's fright on the night she waited for him. It struck him as a coincidence to note as curious that while Dolly had been expecting the pretended William Dawlish, the real should have unwittingly made his voice heard by her. Poor, dear Dolly! What was now to happen to her? Was she to be permitted to move on blindly, deceived or persuaded by her uncle, into marriage with that unwholesome and imbecile cousin? A thousand times 'No!' The very thought of it was revolting and maddening, and Ferrers at once and for all resolved to purge his soul of offence in the matter.

When he got back to his room, he sat a while on the edge of the bed, stared at his candle, and rubbed his cold shirt sleeves. He thought of all that had passed in the very short space of time since he had made Sir William Dawlish's acquaintance. Into what a vortex of deceit had he been caught! And yet, to begin with, yea, throughout, he had meant no harm. Tempted by money, which at the time had meant to him food and lodging, he had thoughtlessly embarked on this adventure, which was now threatening to engulf himself and his prospects, and to make shipwreck of the happiness of the best and dearest

girl in the world—the only woman whom he had ever completely and unreservedly admired and worshipped, who had ever made him feel what the romance of love might mean. For himself, such a fate scarcely mattered; he was a penniless soldier, a man of no account; but as to her!—not a hair of her dear head should be ruffled if he could help it! And yet his punishment was that things could not possibly be set right without ruffling and perhaps paining her. But he would not spare himself; he would urge no extenuating plea in setting the truth before her on the morrow. She might despise him, hate him!—it might indeed be better that she should—but in any case the rude, ugly truth must be laid bare!

Having thus finally determined to make an end, he was in a strangely quiet condition of feeling, which rather surprised him: he could not remember ever having felt anything like it except on the eve of a battle. And in that feeling he undressed, blew out his candle, and got into bed. But in the dark he was wider awake than before, and went over and over the ground he had already traversed, with intervals of sleep and of dream, until the daylight began to show on his window, and the birds awoke to chatter and chirp, and to chaffer and haggle over straws and worms.

(To be continued.)

#### FIRES ON COTTON SHIPS.

THE manufacture of cotton goods must be placed in the front rank of British industries. Its importance, however, must not be assessed solely on account of the number of persons it finds employment for within the limits of the British Isles. Cotton freights form a very considerable factor in the shipowner's income; and the carriage of raw cotton from countries overseas to the British ports, whence it is disseminated among the various cotton manufacturing districts, finds occupation for many vessels of our mercantile fleet.

The records of maritime disaster show that this sea-carriage of cotton is attended with very serious risks; and these risks, instead of diminishing with the development of naval and marine science, seem rather to be on the increase. That occasional fires should break out on cotton ships is only to be expected from the nature of the cargo; but that they should occur with the frequency that has marked their occurrence during the past few years, affords matter for the gravest consideration. The cotton season proper begins in September, and ends in March; so that the carriage of cotton is not evenly distributed over the whole year, but is practically confined to seven or eight months out of the twelve. Yet, during the season 1887-1888, there were in the transatlantic trade alone twenty-two fires on cotton ships after they had left American for European ports; and eleven at the ports of loading. Season 1889-90 produced twenty-two fires after sailing, and twenty-two at the loading ports. The magnitude of the list is startling; but the majority of the cases escape public notice; and it is not until the occurrence of a maritime disaster akin to that which sealed the fate of the Atlantic liner *Egypt*, that the national attention

is directed to the conditions under which the sea-carriage of cotton is prosecuted. Before proceeding to discuss these, it would be well to remark that the above statistics refer only to the American cotton trade. During the same period the Egyptian and Indian cotton trades were marked by an immunity from disaster most marked when compared with that occurring in the Atlantic trade. What few fires did take place were of the most trivial nature possible; in fact, it is no overstatement of the case to say that fires are practically unknown on board ships laden with Egyptian or Indian cotton.

As to how the fires among American cotton cargoes are produced there is no exact evidence to show; the most careful inquiries have failed to trace any outbreak to a definite specific cause. It may be instructive, perhaps, to briefly review the circumstances under which some of the most important of these fires occurred.

The *Egypt*, a ship of 4670 tons gross, well known in the Atlantic trade, left New York with a crew of ninety-five all told, a cargo of cotton and general produce, and several hundred head of cattle. The breaking out of the fire—the heroic efforts on the part of the officers and crew to extinguish it—the horrors attendant upon the burning of the cattle, and the subsequent mastery of the ship by the flames, and her abandonment in mid Atlantic, are still fresh in the minds of all. In this case the origin of the fire could not be accounted for. The shipment was effected even under more favourable conditions than usual. As far as could be ascertained, the regulations of the port authorities relative to safeguards against fire appear to have been rigorously complied with, and the cotton while lying on the wharf or on lighters was protected by tarpaulins, so that every reasonable precaution seems to have been adopted to ensure safe stowage on board the *Egypt*. The general conditions of the vessel relative to her cotton carriage were identical with those obtaining on one hundred previous voyages. The cotton was protected from contact with the casing of the boiler, no naked lights were used below; so that the only tenable theory as to the outbreak is, that an unnoticed spark must have found its way into some bale during shipment, and the cotton in its vicinity must have smouldered for close upon a week, when the dense smoke made the presence of fire patent to the crew.

That cotton will smoulder without actually bursting into flame, the number of fires which are observed in the holds of cotton-laden ships when the hatches are removed for discharging proves conclusively. In many cases, the removal of the hatches, or the cutting into the deck 'to get at the fire,' only results in feeding the smouldering cotton with the requisite oxygen for a more active and overpowering conflagration. The rapidity with which these fires spread, and the utter impossibility of extinguishing them when they have once established themselves, the case of the *Egypt* shows but too well. She was provided with steam fire-extinguishers, and had five jets, each one and three-quarter inches in diameter, leading into the part of the ship in which was the burning cotton. This would give a total pipe area of about twelve inches; and the pressure of steam available from the boilers was

seventy-five pounds per square inch. In order that the whole of this steam-force might be available, the engines were stopped, and the full pressure of steam diverted to the extinguishers; but it was not sufficient to save the *Egypt*. The flames obtained a complete mastery, and the crew were finally compelled to abandon her.

The past twelve months have been particularly fertile in cotton fires, so that the loss of the *Egypt* is by no means an isolated case. The British steamship *Thanemore*, 3032 tons gross, left Baltimore with a cargo of grain, flour, and cotton, and 430 head of cattle, for London. That port she never reached; and the last human intelligence we have of her is that of the Chesapeake pilot, who in his affidavit says: 'She was in beautiful trim, and that at 5.20 A.M. of the 27th of November (1890), he left her outside Cape Henry.' Her non-arrival at London compelled her owners to consider her overdue, and at length 'missing.' Various surmises were made as to the vessel's fate—severe weather, ice, collision, were all put forward as probable causes of the vessel's loss. But conjecture was at length set at rest by the evidence of the master of the screw steamer *Lero*, who reported that when on a voyage from Sunderland to Philadelphia, 'at 7.20 P.M. on the 1st of December I sighted a vessel on fire, distant about eight miles. . . . The vessel appeared to be a large steamer running before the wind, and had fore and topsail yard on her foremast; and I could not bear up to her on account of the heavy sea running at the time, washing the tarpaulins off my vessel's hatches.' The description and the position leave little doubt as to the burning vessel being the *Thanemore*. The last hours of the crew of the burning cotton ship must have been terrible. If they succeeded in abandoning their vessel, the respite could have been but a temporary one—merely a choice of deaths; while, if the spread of the fire burnt their boats, and thus deprived them of the means of leaving the doomed ship, their end must have been awful in the extreme.

Happily, all fires on shipboard are not attended with such painful circumstances.

The Liverpool steamer *Thessaly*, 1924 tons, left New Orleans for the Continent on the 2d of December last, and was abandoned through fire on the 29th of the same month when off the coast of Holland. Her cargo consisted of 1700 tons of oilcake (crushed and compressed cotton-seed), 1500 bales of cotton, and 200 casks of cotton-seed oil—a typical cotton cargo from New Orleans during the season. The burning of the *Thessaly* presents at first sight a more accountable appearance than the two previous cases; for, on the 28th of December, which was the day on the evening of which the fire broke out, the steam-pipe which worked the winch was frozen, and the captain ordered some hot ashes to be put under it and on the deck near, to thaw it. This cannot, however, be held responsible for the fire, as very shortly afterwards smoke was observed coming from the cotton, which blazed fiercely when the air was admitted to it. The decks became hot, and the vessel had to be abandoned. Her subsequent history furnishes a nineteenth-century ocean romance, unsurpassed by even the wildest flight of fiction. A Danish steam-trawler and two smacks took her in tow,

put five men aboard, and endeavoured to make for the Humber. They towed her until the 4th of January, and then, unsatisfied with their progress, the trawler put into Grimsby to secure the aid of a tug. Then the fleet of Lilliputian salvors took their mighty prize in tow, only to suffer the mortification of her foundering suddenly when a mile and a half off Spurn Point, and carrying two of their men down with her.

In this case, the cotton had been properly stowed and properly protected against fire on board. The conclusion is inevitable from this and the foregoing cases that the fire had attacked the cotton before the vessel started on its voyage.

Before passing on, however, to consider the possible causes and prevention of fires on cotton ships, we will allude to one more instance—that of the *City of Richmond*, an interesting case, because the fire was not extinguished when the vessel reached Liverpool. As in the cases quoted above, the *City of Richmond* was a large vessel, close upon 3000 tons. Her escape was a narrow one, as she carried 298 passengers in addition to a crew of 146 hands; and the danger of the cotton fire was increased by the character of the other concomitants that composed her 'general' cargo. In addition to 2082 bales of cotton, she carried a large quantity of lard, bacon, hams, sugar, tallow, grease, lubricating oil, lard oil, cheese, and fresh meats—a heterogeneous compound that would ensure an ample supply of fuel did fire once establish itself on board the vessel. The fire in this instance seems to have started somewhere before the fore-end of the boiler casing, to have spread fore and aft on each side, and to have raged along at the upper part of the cotton mostly. The deck on which the cotton was carried was practically uninjured; but the iron decks above and the shell plating were much buckled by the fire. In fact, had it not been for the iron decks above the cotton, the steam fire-extinguishers, which, although they could not subdue, yet kept the fire under, and the care that was taken to exclude air from the fire, a repetition of the *Thanemore* disaster would in all probability have occurred. When the space in which the cotton was carried was opened in dock, the fire rapidly developed and necessitated the filling of the space with water before it could be extinguished.

Such is a brief outline of the information obtainable as to the more notable fire outbreaks on cotton ships. Fires of much less severity are quite an every-day feature of the American cotton trade. It is no uncommon thing for bales to be discharged at English ports which bear unmistakable evidence of having been on fire, and disputes as to the receipt of these injured bales are consequently of frequent occurrence. For a long time it was held that there was some inherent difference in the nature of American cotton when compared with that of the East, that predisposed it to ignition—that, in short, spontaneous combustion was liable to occur in cotton bales. A most careful examination by chemical experts, however, has disposed of this theory, and established the fact that American and Indian cottons both need a flame or spark to ignite them; and also, so far as combustible properties are concerned, there is no difference whatever



between them. Of course, the greasy nature of the Atlantic cotton-carrier's general cargo introduces the danger of combustion when the cotton is placed in contact with oil; but in the cases we have discussed, every care was taken to separate these two commodities. The carriage of cattle fodder and the necessity of bringing it up from below lends another risk to the Atlantic trade that is absent from the Indian. But the danger from this source is fully realised and just as carefully guarded against; no naked lights are carried below, and the fact that where information is obtainable as to the *locus* of a fire on a cotton and cattle carrying ship, the outbreak is *never* amongst the fodder, shows conclusively that even this element of danger is amply guarded against by the adoption of common precautions.

At the Indian, Egyptian, and American loading ports the harbour conditions are practically the same. Where steam-power is used, sparks will fly, and wharfage fires must occasionally occur. Sparks may even effect a lodgment in a bale of cotton and escape the notice of those engaged in loading. The ultimate effect of that spark is, however, determined not by the native constitution of the cotton, but by the method in which the cotton is packed. It is to the different methods of packing that the Indian cotton trade owes its immunity from fires. The incidental risks accruing from sparks, matches, contact with oil, and want of proper precaution in handling and in transit, are common to the American, Brazilian, Egyptian, and Indian cotton trades; but in the case of the first-named they are enormously increased by the defective packing. A Committee of underwriters convened to consider the question of cotton fires, expressed their views in the following terms: 'The Committee are of opinion that the insufficiency of the packing is the chief cause of the liability of the cotton to catch fire. The packing of American cotton is vastly inferior to that of Indian, Egyptian, or Brazilian, which is entirely covered and properly bound; so that it is exceptional to find any of the latter exposed after landing. American cotton, from the flimsy nature of the packing, only partially covering the bales, and insufficiency of the bands, comes away in considerable quantities; and the decks and holds of vessels loading and discharging are frequently covered with waste and fluff. It is evident that this condition of things renders ignition by sparks or other causes exceedingly likely to occur.' Such is the opinion of recognised experts.

In the Indian trade the material employed for packing is of a much closer texture than that which wraps American bales; the number of bands is much greater, too; and above all, the cotton itself is much more tightly compressed. A bale of American cotton must have its specific gravity increased fully one hundred per cent. before the conditions of packing will approximate to those employed in other trades. There is yet another feature characteristic of the United States cotton traffic that still further increases the risks attendant upon the sea-carriage of cotton. The method of sampling that appears most in vogue consists in making a hole in the bale of cotton *after* it is compressed. The result is that the loose ragged bunch of cotton-down protrudes from

the hole, and this fluff needs but the smallest spark possible to ignite it. If the bale were tightly pressed, the danger from this source would be materially minimised; for, though a spark ignites this loose cotton-down or fluff, the flame passes from one bunch of it to another with lightning rapidity, and does not interfere with the mass of the bale *if it is tightly packed*. When this is not the case, however, the merest spark will burrow into a bale, and the ignited cotton will smoulder in a vessel's hold for weeks, until some inlet of air takes place and fans it into open flame. In India and Egypt, the cotton is sampled before compression takes place.

An interesting experiment was made at Liverpool, which shows the non-inflammatory nature of cotton packed in the Indian manner. A bale of cotton was put on a hot furnace and left there for half an hour. When it was taken off, the outside covering was destroyed; but the bale itself for all practical purposes was a bale of cotton still. An inch was consumed by the great heat of the furnace; but the interior of the bale was perfectly sound, solid, and good. A well-known cotton authority has stated as his opinion that 'whereas with an American bale the smallest spark in the world would cause its destruction; if you give me an Indian bale, you may cook my dinner on it, and no harm will happen to it.' If such be the case, what must have been the danger run by a liner that brought over in a bale of cotton which formed part of her cargo a whole box of matches! How an outbreak of fire was prevented, it is difficult to surmise, for the igniting point of phosphorus is only one hundred and twenty degrees!

The resultant of knowledge, gained by such bitter experience as the history of cotton fires implies, should be the adoption of precautionary measures which aim to secure absolute prevention. Even in the face, however, of such severe teachings, fires on cotton ships are just as liable to break out as ever. Vested interests and the conservatism that resents the adoption of commercial improvements when urged by outside influences, are strong factors in the United States; and the united forces of 'cotton magnates,' underwriters, and shipowners on this side of the Atlantic, are needed to break through them. That this will be done in the future there can be no doubt; but such sweeping improvements as are necessary must be a matter of slow process indeed. Insurance companies are willing to insure cotton cargoes for much lower rates when the bales are packed in the Indian manner; and some have even expressed their willingness to adopt a system of differential rates, charging a lower premium upon those bales packed according to their ideas than upon those sent over packed in the loose and slovenly American manner. It is not often that public companies are prepared to make such a sacrifice to inculcate a principle, for the risk would hardly be diminished in any degree where a cotton cargo was of a mixed description—that is, composed of well and ill packed bales. However, such is the present state of affairs; and it is to be hoped that American cotton growers and dealers may speedily be induced to emulate the praiseworthy methods employed by their *confreres* in India and Egypt.

Until such is done, it is incumbent upon all



carriers of American cotton to adopt every possible safeguard to minimise the risks incidental to the nature of their cargoes. Powerful pumps aided by steam fire-extinguishers will do much towards keeping under a fire; but in the case of cotton ships nothing is so efficacious as complete exclusion of the air; and this is often lost sight of in the mistaken zeal of some masters to find the exact whereabouts of the fire by opening the deck. The *City of Richmond* case showed the serious danger in case of fire to be apprehended from carrying cotton under the passenger spaces. The careless bestowal of cotton waste—that is, cotton saturated with oil and grease, and therefore liable to spontaneous combustion—cannot be too strongly deprecated; and the rigid enforcement of the port regulations relative to smoking, lights, &c., at the places of loading, should be insisted upon. These remedial measures will go far to lessen the risks of cotton fires; but it is not until our American cousins can see their way to adopt the improved methods advocated above, that the over-sea carriage of American cotton will be attended with that exemption from fire-disaster which is such a pleasing feature of the cotton trade of India and Egypt.

## ON THE MARSHES OF DEVA.

## CHAPTER II.

For a moment I was paralysed by the discovery. A rapidly widening band of water fully a quarter of a mile broad, already separated me from the Cop; and I could not swim a stroke. I turned to look for Yethert; but, to my amazement, he was nowhere to be seen; and I suddenly recollected that for some little time I had not heard his footfall behind me. I called aloud; but there was no answer; and I ran back for a moment at full speed, wondering what could have become of him, and calling him aloud. The thought struck me that he had perhaps discovered the danger before I had; and had fled back towards Flint without giving me warning; but the idea was scouted at once, for Yethert knew better than I did that a broad river was now running between the marsh and the Flintshire coast, and that escape in that direction was quite out of the question. I ran for a few hundred yards, and then the futility of such an action struck me, and I stood irresolute. I could now hear the tide moving through the dykes, and I knew they must shortly begin to overflow and inundate the marsh in all directions.

The ground began to be agitated by the mysterious minute splutters and gurgles with which in these marshy solitudes it invariably greets its approaching union with the tide. Some distant sea-gulls rose in the air with wild shrieks and swooped down again and again on the bosom of the body of water that was advancing from the Cop; and several curlews flitted by overhead with shrill whistles. The ever-increasing murmur of the river on the Flintshire side began to sound nearer and nearer, and I felt that I was being closer and closer hemmed in by the merciless waves. The full horror of my lonely death seemed to be suddenly and violently borne in

upon me; and while scarcely conscious of what I was doing, I shouted aloud in my agony for help. A large gull which had been quietly feeding in a pool hard by rose up almost at my feet, and with mocking cries fled with widespread pinions to meet the oncoming tide; but everything else proceeded with a merciless monotony that seemed to double the agony of my situation. The lapping of the water as it circulated through the dykes and the murmuring plash of that ever-enlarging mirror which lay between me and the Cop went on unceasingly, and I could hear the dull intermittent roar of the Chester train as it rushed from station to station on its way to Holyhead. As I turned my gaze in that direction, I could see the numerous furnaces glowing, like the fiery horrors of Dante, out of the dusky cloud-line of coast.

There could be no escape for me without external aid, and again and again I shouted in the faint hope that my distant cries might be heard above the screaming and chattering of the wildfowl, who, in increasing numbers, were gathering about the portion of the marsh where I was penned. Unless I should chance to be heard by some belated member of the Richie or the Denhall households, or by some chance passer-by on the high-road between Burton and Ness, I must inevitably perish.

Forty years before, Abraham's father had been in a somewhat similar plight. He had been surprised by the tide when out at midnight with his gun; and, failing to climb one of the beacons placed to warn mariners of the vicinity of dangerous sandbanks, he thrust the muzzle of his long gun firmly in the sands, and resting the butt against the beacon, stood upon it and clung to the post, shouting meanwhile for help. The tide rose until it reached his armpits; but it rose no higher, and when morning broke he was rescued in an exhausted state by a Connah's Quay boat. This was on higher ground than that where I was now imprisoned, and I knew that in a short time not less than fifteen feet of water would be rolling over the spot. The story recurred to my mind, and other and more ghastly recollections came thronging after it.

I had spent a holiday at Parkgate a few years before, and one night, after the darkness had closed in and the waves were beating on the ancient quay, screams were heard far out in the river. A stranger walking over from Holywell to Parkgate had suddenly found the waves rolling in his path, and rushing frantically backwards and forwards, saw that death had in very truth suddenly overtaken him. I remembered vividly the flitting lights in the upper chambers of the houses on the Parade as the alarm spread, and the flashing lanterns on the quay as the coastguardmen and fishermen put off in the direction of the piercing cries which came without intermission for fully a quarter of an hour, and were suddenly steeped in a grim silence that was unspeakably suggestive. I remembered how some of the older fishermen, who were well acquainted with the currents of the estuary, fished for the body next day with their nets, and recovered it. I could even recall the words on the funeral card that was sent to those who had to do with the matter; and more than once during this fearful night they flashed upon my

mind as if spoken aloud : 'The waves of the sea are mighty and rage horribly ; but yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier.'

The tide flows over the marshes in a more deliberate fashion than where the poor stranger was overwhelmed ; but it is none the less sure ; and in my despair I even wished it was more rapid in its action. It seemed that death was approaching in a fawning dissembling manner, and that its approach would have been less terrible if it had come in the more warlike guise of leaping, storm-lashed waves.

I retired again and again before the advance of the tide, until at last I could distinctly hear the wash of the main body of water that was approaching from the Welsh side. I even fancied I could make out the white tips of the waves as they broke on the marsh and took in pool after pool of water. Numbers of gulls moved over my head within easy range, or alighted in the brimming dykes with a contempt of my presence that seemed to augur ill. It was as if they already knew that I was doomed, and of no further account in the world for good or ill, and that they had nothing to fear from me.

Suddenly, out of the gloom of the marsh behind me there uprose a new sound ; and as I strained my ears to listen, I distinctly heard the sound of paddles that struck the water in regular and quick succession. I rushed towards the sound with a glad cry, springing wildly over every obstacle ; and was within a short distance of the tide, which now spread around me in an irregular circle, when a white canoe shot out from under the bank of one of the dykes and rushed quivering and dancing on to the river. The occupant paddled with might and main ; but when I reached the water's edge, breathless with the exertion and excitement combined, he paused, and the canoe rose and fell on the waves with clock-work regularity. I could dimly make out a figure sitting in the stern and holding the paddles clear of the water. Judging it to be Abraham, who had crossed the marsh in some mysterious manner to my rescue, I eagerly called his name aloud. I had grown hoarse with shouting ; but my cry was at once responded to with a surly : 'How go, mester ! How go ! Lookin' fur ould Yethert ?'

I had a vague idea all along that Yethert had taken care of himself in some way, and I now jumped to the conclusion that he had by some means found the canoe and came to save me. In my frantic delight at my approaching deliverance, I felt that I could embrace this strange silent man—ill-fitting velvetens and stubbly beard included. He and I would be fast friends, and he should long have cause to bless the night when he took me off that lonely marsh. Thoughts such as these flashed through my brain as I called out to him : 'Come on, Yethert, my good fellow ; I have nearly had enough of this. I thought it was all over with me.'

There was a prompt answer from the canoe. 'Well, I'm as good as they make um, Mester Graham ; but yer not comin' off theer to-neet !' The paddles dipped in the water as he spoke.

Something in the man's tones thrilled me with the conviction that he was in earnest, and the perspiration broke out on my forehead as I exclaimed : 'But, Yethert, man, you promised to

bring me safely across the river ; and you can't leave me here. It would be murder !'

The canoe had drifted a little nearer to me, and he pulled off a yard or two farther away as he made answer : 'Mester, ye may call it what ye loike ; but I'm goin'. Do ye think I'd fotch ye all the way fra Flint and lie up to the neck in muck here all this time for nout ? Nay, me mon ; I'll fotch ye to-morrow ! Ye canna swim, they tell me ; and I reckon ye'll come quiet enough to-morrow.'

I had stopped at the water's edge ; and while this conversation had been taking place, the tide had already risen over my knees ; but I waded nearer with a mad idea of making a frantic rush for the canoe, though I knew that it was floating in deep water, and that in all likelihood several submerged dykes lay between us. He noticed the movement, and pulled still farther away from me, adding : 'I fetched a dead un from off here afore, and got five shillin' fur him. Little enough, too, luggin' and draggin' in the mud.'

My heart sank within me as he drawled out the last words ; but the offer of my purse and all my belongings for a passage to the Cop only evoked the answer : 'Nay, me mon ; I can tak what I want to-morrow. It isna the money I'm after ; but I can tell thee this—I'm goin' to stop thee from Aba Richie's wench. She winna tak me, I know ; but she shallna have thee. Comin' sneakin' across here neet after neet like a powcher !'

There was no mistaking the intense hatred with which he uttered these last words, and, moreover, he emphasised them by pulling steadily and swiftly away. I waded back out of the tide and on to the narrowing strip of marsh that was left to me, and gave myself up for lost. I had no longer any hope, and I ceased to call for help.

The space now left to me was not more than fifty yards in diameter, and the waves were rapidly annexing it on every side. A number of widgeon were floating buoyantly on the waves near the bank ; several gulls were wheeling in the air overhead, and one or two were standing motionless upon the ground within a few yards of me. In a shallow gutter at my feet, two little streamlets came together every other moment with a little shock, and flirited the spray several feet in the air. Little trickling advance guards overran the ground in all directions ; but as my death looked me full in the face, I grew strangely calm. Strange fancies took hold upon me as I stood there with the shadow of Death overcasting me.

In my sitting-room at Flint hung a fine engraving of the 'Reaper and the Flowers,' in which the moonbeams lighted up a river scene very similar to that in which I now stood, while the radiant Reaper was to be seen cleaving the air with outstretched wings, and bearing home the newly gathered flower, whose trustful little face rested on his shoulder. Incongruous as the idea may seem, I thought of the picture as I waited there for my death, and I thought, too, of a sweet girlish figure that would be worshipping in the old parish church in the morning, while I lay dead and bedraggled in the marshes. I could see her distinctly as she stood there meekly among the congregation, her little gloved hand

grasping the ivory-backed 'Service' in which I had written some foolish lines to 'Helga Richie'—for it had come to that.

In the few moments that were left to me I knelt down on the streaming bank and prayed earnestly for the life of the world to come.

A terrific report close to my ear stunned me for a moment and sent some of the birds screaming away. I suppose I must have cried out, too, at the same moment, for the next I remember was a powerful but terror-stricken voice calling out: 'O Lord! O Lord! who's that?'

It was Abraham Richie, frightened for the first and only time in his life; and his errand was explained by the circumstance of a number of dead birds being swept about my feet by the waves. My knees shook under me at the prospect of being snatched from the jaws of Death, and I could scarcely utter his name aloud.

He brought the canoe close in to me with the bow chafing and grating on the bank, and peered closely at me.

'Why, lad, lad!' he exclaimed when he was assured that it was indeed me, 'how in the world did you get there?—But never mind now; get in here quick. Steady now; a little thing'll upset it, tha knows.—Kneel thee down close up behind me, and put tha two hands on my shoulders. Steady now, and I'll soon get thee on dry land. Keep tha heart up now! He could feel my hands trembling on his shoulder.—Keep tha heart up, and we'll be all roight directly.'

We reached the farmstead; and the household was quickly bustling about on my behalf. There was of course no truth in Yethert's assertion that he had been sent for me; and as I unfolded the story of his perfidy, exclamations of horror were of very frequent occurrence indeed. Abraham alone sat with compressed brow and said nothing; but his eyes wandered so restlessly to the rack where his guns were suspended, that his better-half, on noting it, silently went over and sat on the oak settle beside him in such a manner that he could not well get out; and so held him captive until the first fierce desire for immediate vengeance had somewhat subsided.

It was decided to let Yethert 'stand over till morning,' when he was to have been handed over to the local constable; but he was too many for us. He had heard the unusual commotion from his room over the stables; and an hour and a half after my arrival, a slouching individual, whose appearance corresponded exactly with the description afterwards circulated by the county police, passed over Queen's Ferry, and landing on the Hawarden highway, was seen no more. There could be no doubt that he was crazed by a hopeless attachment for his master's daughter, and that he had been silently nursing his hatred against me for some time. The attempt to compass my death was, after all, a very clumsy one, for he had taken no pains to hide his complicity in the matter, and would most assuredly have been charged with murder had it been successful.

I went to service the same morning. The Richies tried hard to persuade me to remain in bed; but as the Burton bells shook out their chimes over the tree-tops, we left the farmstead, and turning up past the old cottage where the

good Bishop Wilson was born, entered the family pew.

'Long was the good man's sermon, but it seemed not so to me.' Standing there among the village folk, we sang together from the little ivory-backed book, 'We praise Thee, O God. We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord;' and we lingered long on the way home through the wood where lie the lonely Quaker graves.

I found the 'young fellow' to be a Liverpool artist nearly as old as Abraham himself; and a very jolly wielder of the brush he was. It was for him that Abraham had made the early Sunday morning excursion, for, as 'Aba' explained in an apologetic kind of a way, 'Tha sees this young fellow's seen too much of the ways of farmyard ducks to have anything to do with them; so I just thought I'd get him one or two. Tha can hardly call it Sunday, tha knows, at that time in the morning.'

My adventure was not allowed to interfere with the sheep-washing arrangement, as it would somewhat have spoiled the plans of the artist, whose picture, entitled 'Washing Sheep on Burton Marsh,' has for some time been in the permanent collection of the Liverpool Art Gallery.

As for 'we two,' we are no longer divided by the Marsh.

#### A COLLECTION OF FANS.

Who loves to ponder over tasteful and elegant trifles of bygone days of fashion, and to weave fanciful love romances whilst gazing on the dainty relics of the past, will delight in paying a visit to the Collection of Fans of Sir Matthew Digby Wyatt and Lady Wyatt at the South Kensington Museum. This collection includes specimens from most of the great fan-making nations of the world, and it is interesting to notice how the national character exhibits itself even in the design for so simple a thing as a fan.

The Oriental fans are rich in carving—carving that the European can only marvel at, and dare not try to imitate. The Spanish and Italian fans are both brilliant in colour; while the French are elegantly designed and painted, and often they have jewelled studs to fasten the sticks and guards together. Among the Oriental fans there are some Chinese fans of the finest sandal-wood, faultlessly carved. Others, of ivory, are pierced with figures of animals and birds, or minutely carved with a delicate lace pattern in fine open-work. One of them has the old story represented on the willow-pattern plate, exquisitely carved in ivory. There is the house and the island, the bridge and the three angry figures, the boat and the lovers, and the willow-tree with the two turtle-doves. Who knows, perhaps some almond-eyed Celestial maiden has trifled with this ivory plaything while her lover was kneeling at her feet and whispering a tale as soft as the tale of the two lovers in the story on her fan who eloped 'when the willow begins to shed its leaves.' Some of the fans have only the guards and sticks ivory; whilst on the body,



which is of fine silk, painted in most brilliant colours, are quaint groups of Chinese in wonderful costumes; and in the scrolled corners of the fan, under the blossoming almond and orange and peach trees, are beautiful specimens of fantastic and grotesque vases. Another fine specimen of Chinese art is a fan the body of which is made of the feathers of the argus pheasant, the sticks being of carved tortoiseshell. An old Japanese fan is painted on strips of wood with a delicate landscape, with herons and reeds in the foreground. A Japanese fan of the nineteenth century has the now well-known design of a lady-bird and beetle on the ivory guard.

Some of the German fans are very brilliant in colour, and have quite ambitious pictures painted on the small arc that stretches from guard to guard. There is one specimen of the seventeenth century that was purchased for twenty pounds, and represents Bacchus and Ariadne and bacchanalian groups. The subject is treated in a very masterly manner, and the whole fan is a work of art. Another German fan of about the end of the eighteenth century is made of chicken skin, and the subject painted on it is Venus and her doves, with the boy Cupid as her outrider, descending to a sleeping warrior who is guarded by Minerva with her shield and spear. One German fan of about 1760 represents the sale of Joseph by his brethren, and is somewhat pretentious, for a fan. In the foreground is a dark-looking circular hole, supposed to be a well, with a long end of rope dangling out of it and trailing along the ground. In the background wait a great number of camels and the attendants of a long caravan. Joseph is represented as a small boy in a blue blouse with a red sash around his waist, and wiping his streaming eyes with a large white handkerchief. Judah is holding up one finger to the band of Ishmaelites, who also are each holding up one finger; and thus, according to the artist, the bargain is concluded in dumb-show.

Some very pretty canal scenes form the subject of some of the Dutch fans. One specimen is very striking; the body of the fan is ivory, plain, and bound with green silk. The subject is a quaint Flemish scene by the side of a blue canal, with trawlers and old-world vessels. Another Dutch fan is made of horn stained saffron colour and ornamentally pierced. On many of these fans are miniature sea-views with sandbanks and sailors and fisher-boats, long belts of dark clouds and gray angry billows, such as Van de Velde loved to paint the Zuyder Zee; or quiet inland scenes with quaint old Flemish churches and gable-roofed houses by the side of placid canals, where the rising moon throws a mysterious blue glimmer over the trees and the reeds and the windmills and the sleeping hamlets—scenes that Van der Neer might have painted. Maybe rich burgomasters' wives have dangled these toys at their wrists, and opened and shut them while they heard the news of the fate of John de Witt, or of De Ruyter's exploits in the Thames, or the tale of Van Tromp and the broom that he lashed to his masthead.

Very dainty are many of the French fans, and

great skill has been employed to give grace and delicacy to these toys, that beauty uses and makes beautiful; and the airy national fancy has ingeniously produced a harmonious *ensemble* in these magnificent trifles of art. Many of them represent pastorals and revels and masquerades and joyous scenes such as Watteau depicted with delicate colouring when he was 'Painter of Gallant Feasts to the King.' Gaily-attired shepherds are either playing on the lute or kneeling at the feet of their mistresses, who, with dainty ribboned crook and pink frock and blue bodice, are seated on green hillocks archly trifling with their adorers. These are the fans that fluttered to and fro in the old *salons*, and behind them played the eyes of the rulers of France. We can now only imagine the love-foes whispered behind these dainty screens of Cupids and Venuses, and the little court intrigues that were woven while the fan still fluttered to and fro.

Among the more modern French fans is a specimen made by Alexandre, and bought for sixty pounds. The guards and sticks are of carved ivory, by Brisevin; the body is fine silk, and is exquisitely painted with groups of figures in the costume of the period of Henri III. The mount of this fan is of delicate lace. Another by the same maker has the guards and sticks carved by Brisevin, with enamelled mountings by Lepece, the body of the fan being of pale sage-coloured silk. This was bought for eighty pounds. Many of the English fans are very delicate, and much talent has been spent in perfecting these gems of art. A prettily pierced ivory fan of the end of the eighteenth century is decorated with medallions containing a classical group of figures watching doves; the treatment is exquisite, and the colouring is in the style of Angelica Kauffmann, and may have been done by her.

Altogether the collection of Sir Matthew Digby Wyatt and Lady Wyatt is a rich one. Many of the Oriental fans date back to the time when the English were first planting their foot in India, and when the empire of the Great Mogul was tottering to its ruin. Perhaps they were once in the harem of Surajah Dowlah, or held in the jewelled hands of the Begums, or they may have been present at the receptions of Mrs Hastings in the Government House, Calcutta. Among the European fans there may be some that dangled from the wrist of those who saw Marie-Antoinette at Versailles, 'glittering like the morning-star, full of life and splendour and joy.' Who knows whether the fragile hands that held these painted trifles were not soon put up in supplication to the same cruel men who dragged away the unfortunate Queen of France? Or some there are, perhaps, that saw the gay ballroom at Brussels on that eventful night, the eve of Waterloo, when

Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;

and above these very fans 'soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,' and fluttered the fan not more quickly than the little heart beat behind it. But who can tell us now of the brilliant scenes that have opened to these fans, and of the whispers and sighs that have been concealed in their folds? Alas! the actors and actresses in the play that was performed ever so many years ago



have played their little parts; they have smiled and sighed and bowed, and the curtain has come down upon them for ever! And who is there can tell us the life-history of one of their fans?

## THE MONTH:

## SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN excellent paper 'On the Spontaneous Ignition of Coal' was read by Professor Lewes before the British Association at their recent meeting at Cardiff. In this paper the Professor points out that the common idea that spontaneous ignition is caused by the presence of iron pyrites in the coal cannot be true, because in many manufactures pyrites are largely used, and although stored in heaps and undergoing continuous oxidation, he has been unable to trace a single case of heating. Spontaneous combustion may be more truly traced to the absorptive power of newly-won coal for oxygen, an action which is accompanied by a great rise of temperature, and is naturally hastened if the coal be so stored on shipboard that a portion of it is near the funnel or boilers. Accidents from this cause are most numerous in ships which have to cross tropical seas, from the greatly increased temperature to which the coal is subjected. Ventilation in many ships is worse than useless, for it provides the coal with just sufficient oxygen to feed it when burning. Moisture is also an important factor in determining the ignition of stored coal. Professor Lewes says that if newly-won coal were stored for a month in moderate-sized heaps, so as to allow it to take up its oxygen and cool down after the heating caused in the process, spontaneous ignition would be almost unknown.

The incandescent electric light which is now becoming so common in our public buildings has a formidable rival in the improved Welsbach incandescent gas-light. This new method of burning gas was introduced from Germany about ten years ago; but, owing to certain defects, it did not meet with popular approval. All difficulties have now been surmounted, and the system is being introduced by the Incandescent Gas-light Company of Westminster. The lamp comprises a special form of Bunsen burner—which can be readily attached to any existing gas fitting—in the blue flame from which is supported a mantle of zirconia, one of the most refractory oxides known to chemistry. This mantle, which looks like a delicate finger-stall made of woven material, is brought under the intense heat of the flame into an incandescent state, and gives out a powerful and perfectly steady light of the same quality as that afforded by its electric rival. The gas consumed is considerably less than that used by the common batwing burner, while the light is increased three or four fold. The lamp is also available with cheap gas made from benzoline and other hydro-carbons in the portable machines which are now in use in isolated districts where public gas-works are unknown.

Perhaps the most impudent form of adulteration is represented by the manufacture of artificial coffee-beans. Many a householder has prided himself upon being untouched by coffee adulteration by adopting the home-grinding system; but

his forethought does him little good if the beans supplied to him are mixed with those which owe their origin to burnt corn, molasses, &c., fashioned into form by means of a moulding-machine. We are glad to see that an imperial decree has been issued in Germany forbidding the manufacture and sale of such machines. It is said that a vast quantity of these artificial beans is sold in the United States, and that they are used for mixing with genuine coffee. There is a strong suspicion that the same evil practice is followed in Britain, for, as every one knows, it is extremely difficult to purchase a well-flavoured sample of coffee, even though the precaution be taken to roast and grind it at home.

All are familiar with the beautiful lacquer with which Japanese trays, boxes, and cabinets are treated, and which is so different in appearance and touch to the varnish common in Europe. The exact process by which it is prepared is said to be kept secret by the expert Japanese workers; but it is known that the raw material comes from a tree known to botanists as the 'Rhus vernix.' Professor Rein some years ago planted a number of these trees in the Botanical Garden at Frankfort, and there are now growing there from this stock several healthy trees, some of which are thirty feet high. Some sap has been taken from these trees and sent to Japan for trial by native artists, and it remains to be seen whether the foreign growth will yield a serviceable lacquer.

Samples of a new composition known as Liégine are exhibited at the Museum in the Royal Botanic Garden at Kew. This substance consists of powdered cork mixed with fine plaster in the proportion of ten per cent. The cork confers upon the plaster a solidity, durability, and above all a lightness which it does not possess when used alone, and the new composition can therefore be used for mouldings on thin partitions and ceilings without any danger of overweight. Liégine is also made into bricks; it can be used as a non-conducting coating for steam-pipes; and finds ready employment in various other ways. This new material is a very good illustration of the utilisation of a waste product; for it is obvious that the very smallest cuttings of cork can be used up in its manufacture. It may be added that the cork is reduced to powder by the action of horizontal grindstones.

The Refuse Disposal Company have established works at Chelsea (London), and have recently issued a circular in which they describe their manner of dealing with the product of metropolitan dust-bins. The company has already treated about six thousand tons of household refuse, separating the different items of the so-called dust from one another, and disposing of them to the best advantage. Thus, anything that can be reduced to fibrous pulp is manufactured into paper on the premises. The bones, bottles, fragments of china and glass, &c., are distributed among the various manufactures where such things can be utilised; the coke, coal, and cinders are also turned to profitable account; while the smaller ashes are made into block fuel. The vegetable and animal refuse is incorporated with fine dust and used for manure, or as an absorbent for dealing with offensive matter of any kind. All this work is carried on without prejudice to

the neighbourhood, for any odours or fine dust floating in the atmosphere are conveyed by exhaust fans to the furnaces of the establishment.

A new use for the Sand-blast has been found by the public authorities of New York in the cleansing of the exterior of a building there. The sand is conveyed through a pipe two and a half inches in diameter, terminating in a two-inch nozzle, and is projected on to the face of the stonework under an air-pressure of two pounds on the square inch. Under these conditions, one square foot of marble is abraded to the depth of thirty-second of an inch in one minute, leaving a fresh surface as pure and white as could be wished.

The use of terra-cotta as a building material is becoming common, some very fine erections being now to be seen in London and other cities, executed in this effective artificial stone. The basis of terra-cotta is clay, and the *Building News* recently gave some interesting particulars concerning many of the terra-cotta clays now employed. The finished material has such a smooth surface and close texture that it is eminently adapted for the dirty atmosphere of our towns. All these clays should be exposed to the air or weathered for some time before being used, for shrinkage is often very great and at the same time uncertain. The tint of the stone varies with the locality from which the clay is obtained. The buff colour of the new Natural History Museum at South Kensington is typical of the Tamworth clay; while the red façade of the Constitutional Club in the new highway which leads from Charing Cross to the Thames is identified with the Ruabon Clay.

A curious instance of the sagacity of a wild-duck is described by Mr Prentis, of Rainham, Kent, in a recent issue of the *Zoologist*. A field of lucerne situated near a marsh was being cut by a mowing-machine, which, after the manner of such implements, began work at the edge, and gradually reduced the area of the crop as it moved in ever-diminishing circles towards the centre of the field. When only about two acres were left uncut, a wild-bird was seen to rise from the field and to drop from her beak an egg, which upon examination proved to be about three parts incubated. A second and third time she returned to her nest in the lucerne, on both occasions carrying away an egg towards the marsh-land. The next day, when the mowing of the field was completed, the nest from which the bird had so thoughtfully removed the eggs was found.

A Chicago paper describes the successful trial of a new Automatic Magazine Rifle. The gas produced by the combustion of the first cartridge is stored in a chamber, where it acts upon a piston and spiral spring which actuate the mechanism of the rifle. By this means sufficient energy is found to extract the empty cartridge case, replace it by a loaded one, and to cock the gun. The operator has therefore merely to take aim and pull the trigger; and so rapidly does the automatic mechanism work, that the full complement of the magazine, which holds nine cartridges, can be discharged in two seconds. Such a rifle, we should think, will hardly conduce to accurate firing. Already, as is well known, there is a tendency in the heat of an engagement to fire away cartridges with so little attention to direction that only about one bullet in a hundred reaches its billet.

The Board of Trade Journal gives a very interesting account of the rapid development of asbestos-mining in Canada. Up to within quite recent years, the greater part of fine asbestos fibre suitable for spinning came from Italy and Corsica; but the trade has suffered a complete revolution since the discovery of vast quantities of the valuable mineral in the province of Quebec. In 1871 the Canadian mines yielded fifty tons of asbestos; last year, the output was eight thousand tons. The finer grades command almost as good a price as the best Italian; and although the quantity mined is so great, the material, owing to the various new applications which are constantly found for it, has not become any cheaper. The profits from the Canadian mines are simply fabulous, one mine alone yielding to its lucky owners an annual profit of one hundred thousand dollars. The work does not necessitate much excavation, for the asbestos is found in the surface-rock in the form of veins, and is obtained by blasting. The output is carefully regulated by the demand, and this is one potent reason why asbestos continues to keep up its price.

A new form of photographic lens has been designed by Mr Dallmeyer, the well-known London optician, which is likely to come into extensive use for a variety of purposes. Its novel feature is its wonderful power of giving large images of distant objects. For instance, with an ordinary photographic lens, the image of a horse or cow distant, say, two hundred feet from the camera would cover little more than a quarter of an inch, the actual size being of course governed by the focal length of the lens. But with the new objective, the image taken from precisely the same point would cover two or three inches. Such a lens will be of immense value in warfare in giving serviceable pictures of forts, outworks, &c., without the risk which would be incurred by a near approach to the enemy. It will also be valued by naturalists for the purpose of taking pictures of animals whose natural timidity forbids intimate relations. The lens is of simple construction, and it is quick enough in action to take a bird on the wing.

One of the latest triumphs in chemical science is represented by the production of artificial quinine. The new substance is absolutely identical with the natural product of the cinchona tree, and the discovery, which is due to MM. Grimaux and Arnaud of Paris, is likely to bring down the price of the valuable drug considerably. It is believed, too, that this manufacture may lead to the discovery of new bodies analogous to quinine which may have great therapeutical value.

Dr L. W. Fox, in the course of a recent lecture before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, stated that he had good reason to believe that savage races possess colour-perception to a far greater degree than do civilised nations. This assertion was based upon examinations which he had made of two hundred and fifty Indian children. Among one hundred of these (boys), he could not detect a single case of colour-blindness; but he felt certain that if these children had been whites and drawn from various parts of the United States, at least five of the hundred would have been colour-blind. As the result of an examination of Indian children made some

years previously, he had found two cases of colour-blindness among two hundred and fifty boys; while among the girls he could not detect a single case. This last result was as he expected; because even among white nations the percentage of cases of colour-blindness in females is as low as two per thousand.

An Italian paper publishes a method which, it is said, renders cement unattackable by frost, and which consists in adding to the material whilst it is in a plastic condition a solution of soda crystals in water. The cement experimented upon was composed thus: Portland cement and lime, of each one litre, three litres of river-sand mixed with a solution of one kilo. of soda and three litres water. The mortar thus made was first exposed for fourteen hours to a maximum cold of thirty-one degrees below zero, and was afterwards introduced for three hours into a furnace. Notwithstanding these crucial tests, the cement remained unaltered.

Mr Lawrence Allen, in a paper which he contributes to the *American Engineering Magazine*, contends that with all the attention which has been devoted to ventilation, there are many schools in which the quantity of fresh air is not sufficient to expel the foul air. For the maintenance of air in good sanitary condition each occupant of a room should receive sixty cubic feet of fresh air per minute, and very few schools come up to this requirement. There are many schools in the United States, says Mr Allen, in which the amount of fresh air admitted is about one-fifteenth of that really required. The children perhaps do not seem to suffer under this starvation system, just as those who inhabit unhealthy districts do not at once show signs of failing energies; but although the effects are not immediate and striking, the deadly influence is at work.

The science of warfare seems to consist of a constant struggle between methods of offence and defence. First comes the invention of a big gun which nothing will withstand, until a new form of armour-plate is devised, and the next gun must be made bigger and more powerful. When the Whitehead torpedo was first introduced, it was believed that ironclads had at last found their match. But a clever inventor proposed the use of a crinoline of steel network in which a ship could be enshrouded whilst at anchor, so that any torpedo aimed at the vessel could be caught in the meshes of the net and kept at a respectful distance. It is now reported, however, that Captain Vernon has contrived a scissors-like cutting implement which is fixed to the nose of the torpedo, and which will readily cut through the strongest wirework opposed to its path. So torpedo nets will now be obsolete, and some other means must be found to protect war-vessels.

The rain-making experiments which have lately been conducted in Texas have just that tinge of the supernatural about them which is sure to excite the interest and credulity of the average newspaper reader. In these experiments, charges of dynamite and other explosives have been discharged at great altitudes by means of mortars and kites, and we are told that these violent explosions have in nearly every case been followed by a copious downpour of rain. These experiments were suggested by the circumstance

that great battles have often been followed by rainfall, and there seems little doubt that if the atmosphere is in a favourable condition, a series of heavy concussions may induce rain. But it is a moot point whether rain, under such conditions, would not fall naturally without any artificial help. On the other hand, if the energy required for a fall of rain does not already exist in the moist air, no human power can put it there. If violent concussions of the air always induced rain, we could never rely upon a fine day for a great naval or military review; but it is well known that many such displays have been favoured by sunshine.

The project of making Paris an inland seaport has once more been brought prominently forward, possibly in view of the successful progress of our own Manchester Ship Canal; and a Committee appointed to report upon the scheme has finished its labours. The proposed water-way would be one hundred and fourteen miles long and twenty-one feet in depth, and the estimated cost of the works is six and a quarter millions sterling. From a plebiscite taken of the opinion of the people on the matter, it would seem that they are almost unanimously in favour of it. It remains to be seen whether, after their sad experience of the Panama scheme, they will be inclined to invest capital in an enterprise in which a canal figures.

#### THE STREET MUSICIAN ABROAD.

OF all capitals, London should stand highest in the estimation of the gentry who prefer to play rather than work for a living. Although supposed to move on and move off 'by special desire,' the London street musician is practically free to tickle uneducated ears and torture educated ones, when, where, and how he deems most conducive to the extraction of coin from the pockets of delighted or disgusted hearers.

Things are ordered very differently abroad. Street minstrels receive scant favour in Vienna. First of all, they must be licensed, and licenses are only obtainable by such persons as are able to show that no other method of earning money is open to them, and that the doors of the poorhouse are closed against them. Even when licensed, they cannot perform in the open thoroughfares of the city, but must content themselves with the harvest to be reaped in public-houses and courtyards, after mid-day on week-days, and between four o'clock and sunset on Sundays and holidays. In Berlin, licenses used to be issued at the discretion of the police authorities; but the recipients of the privilege were worse off than their Viennese brethren, being entitled to ply their vocation in courtyards only. So loud and long, however, were the complaints of unappreciative citizens, that in 1884 the fraternity were condemned to gradual extinction, it being ordained that no new licenses were to be granted.

In Rome and in Italian towns generally, street musicians and singers must register themselves as such every year, under a penalty of a hundred lire—about three pounds ten shillings—it being by law provided that 'registration may be denied to persons under eighteen years of age when they



are suitable for other professions,' to dangerous characters, and persons under police supervision. Registration is not necessary for members of bands ordinarily performing in public buildings when inclined to give their services out of doors at festivals, inaugurations, anniversaries, or other solemnities, providing they give due notice to the police authorities, who may, if they think fit, forbid them exercising their privilege.

Guitar-players are the only musical itinerants tolerated in the streets of Madrid; licenses to perform on the national instrument and ask for alms for so doing being granted or refused at the option of the mayor, who, as a rule, limits his favours to the blind, to enable them to earn sufficient to satisfy their modest wants. The organ or piano, as Spaniards call it, used to share the run of the streets with the guitar, the grinder paying twenty shillings a year for permission to turn the handle between the hours of seven and twelve, and four and seven; but even this allowance of organ music was voted an intolerable nuisance, and the instrument is no longer heard in Madrid. The organ-owners have petitioned the municipality to restore the old order of things; but Sir Clare Ford is of opinion that it is highly improbable that the mayor will accede to their request.

By an ordinance dated February 28, 1863, no itinerant mountebank, organ-grinder, musician, or singer can practise his calling in Paris without a license from the prefect of police, to obtain which he must satisfy that functionary that he is French-born, of good character, has dwelt twelve months within the prefect's jurisdiction, and is neither blind, one-armed, one-legged, crippled, deformed, nor infirm. He must supply a list of those accompanying him on his rounds, with full particulars about them, none of whom must be under the age of sixteen, or any more afflicted than himself. Every performer so licensed must wear a badge bearing his name and his number, and can only perform at the places specified on his license, between eight in the morning and nine at night in summer, and from eight to six in winter. Singers are forbidden to sing or sell any song that has not received the imprimatur of the Minister of the Interior. In 1861, street music received its quietus by the promulgation of a decree annulling the provision under which musicians were authorised to station themselves at particular points, and restricting such performances in the public thoroughfares to national fêtes-days. Paris is now, therefore, hardly a happier hunting-ground for the peripatetic entertainer than the Czar's capital, wherein no itinerant musician is allowed to sojourn. Whether his existence is tolerated outside St Petersburg we are not informed; if it be, native discourses of sweet sounds have nothing to fear from the competition of intrusive aliens, since itinerant players hailing from any foreign land are not suffered to cross the frontiers of the empire.

The United States is an awkward country for the roaming minstrel to travel. In one place he may revel in unlimited liberty; in the next, find himself mulcted heavily; in a third, liable to thirty days' imprisonment as a common fiddler and piper. A penalty ranging from five to twenty-five dollars awaits the vagrant, mendicant, or street musician playing any musical

instrument 'unsolicited' in the thoroughfares of Milwaukee; the carrying of any such instrument for the purpose of using it for gain is a misdemeanour in St Louis; in Philadelphia, street music has long since been prohibited as a public nuisance; while the cries of the privileged newsboys is the only 'noise to attract attention' to be heard in the streets of Chicago.

The strains of the barrel organ seem to be especially obnoxious to the people of Savannah and Brunswick, Georgia, Providence, Rhode Island, and the Empire City. In the first-named place the organ-grinder is called upon to pay five dollars a week, just as much as is exacted from a full band; in Brunswick, he alone of all instrumentalists must disburse a dollar a day; and he alone of all itinerant musicians is prohibited performing in Providence. As we read Consul-general Booker's Report, the organ-grinder is the sole object of the regulations regarding street music prevailing in New York, where the mayor has the power of licensing three hundred organs, to be used between nine A.M. and seven P.M. on week-days only—but not within five hundred feet of any hospital, public institution, or school-house in school-time; nor within half that distance of any dwelling-house whose occupant objects to its being brought nearer. For this license the organ owner pays one dollar per annum; and the player must not ask directly or indirectly for any money, under pain of paying ten dollars or 'going up' for as many days.

The license system is in many places extended to performers on other instruments. In Boston, a street musician's annual license costs him only fifty cents; in Jersey City, he pays five dollars; and in Newark, where he must bear a badge, double that amount. In Norfolk, Virginia, a dollar a day is exacted; while the strong feeling existing against the fraternity in Charleston has impelled the Committee of Ways and Means to impose a charge of fifteen dollars a day, a tax that has answered its end most effectually.

#### CONSTANCY.

ONCE more, love, we rest where the emerald sea

Breaks into music along the wild shore.

Is our rapture the same, love?—It filled you and me,

When we greeted the breeze and the billow before.

'Twas then—the white sails, and two hearts that leap,  
Watching green hills from the crests of the deep.

Older a little, love, watching them flock—

Now ripples that kiss the old yellow sand there;

See how they laugh, where the weed-hanging rock

Pants for the wave in the quivering air!

Yes! How the tide swells—has the gleam of the gold  
Crowning yon furze, made the sea overbold?

We do not forget those moments that gave

Joy to our hearts on the shore we love best:

Here, 'twixt the blue of God's sky and the wave,

Paradise bloomed to the mountainous crest—

Here, such a night! all the stars in the sky,

Two lovers whispered—'twas you, love, and I.

W. GOW GREGOR.

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